# UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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## THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

VII.

### HENRY THOREAU.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Some time in June, 1861, Henry Thoreau came to see me, on his way westward, and impressed me so deeply by his presence and fine, frank speech, that I can see him still and hear him almost as distinctly as I did that day.

He was something over forty years of age then, but would have passed for thirty-five: rather slender, but of a fine mould, and with a presence which touched you with the feeling of perfect purity, as newly-opened roses do. And it was a clear, rose-tinted face he turned to you, delicate to look at as the face of a girl, and great gray eyes, the seer's eyes, full of quiet sunshine. It was a strong face, too, and the nose was especially notable, being, as Conway said once of Emerson's, a sort of interrogation mark to the Universe; and his voice was low, but still sweet of tone, though the organs were all in revolt just then, while his words were as distinct and true to the ear as those of a great singer. I noticed, also, that he never went back on his tracks to pick up the fallen loops of a sentence, as commonplace talkers do. He would hesitate sometimes just an instant, for the right word, or to master the trouble in the chest, perhaps; but when he was through, the sentence was perfect, and so natural to the man, that, when I read his books now, after all these years, I do not hear my own voice, within my reading, but the voice I heard that day.

This is the picture I treasure of Henry Thoreau as I saw him and heard him a year before he died. Then I went in the fall of that year to look at his grave and Walden woods and the pond, and with Conway, who was living at Concord, sought out the spot where he had made his hermitage. We had a rare talk, also, with Emerson about him, as we sat eating ripe pears, of which he had a great store hidden away in the nooks and corners of his study. He selected the best for his visitors, with the hospitality of an Arab, taking the second best himself, pear for pear, without flinching. That, also, was a rare day in my life. Concord and the woods and the talk with the man in all the world who had known Thoreau best, seemed to give permanence to the photograph I had taken of him a year and a half before, and to bring out the lights and shadows perfect for all time. We are not sure it would pay to see some men who have touched us by their genius, but it seems to me now it was quite essential to see Thoreau as I did that day in my own home, and hear him talk, because he was so simply and entirely the man I had thought of as I read his chapters. There was no lapse, no missing link; books and man were one; and I found it was true of him, also, that the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

So it is no wonder, I suppose, that I should think more of the man than of the books he has written, —rare and unique as these are,—and want to touch his manhood especially, in any word about his place among the Liberal preachers outside the pulpit. Indeed, one hesitates before giving Thoreau a place in any "company," or trying to yoke him to *this* chariot, who would wear no harness he did not himself assume. "Yoke your wagon to a star," his great friend says; "but this seems rather like yoking a star to your wagon." Were he living now, he would be sure to protest against being classified, and the protest holds good, to my mind, when he cannot speak to us across the silence. Apart from his fellows in the whole world, as he was in Concord, a spirit so free has won the right to stand alone. Like Harry Wynd in the story, he fought for his own hand. They imprisoned him once about some small matter of a poll-tax; but then he says, "I saw that if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could be as free as I was;" and so it must be in some sure way with him now, when we would bring him within even our wide and free lines. If "the only begotten of the Father" means the one singular and separate soul of the sort, Thoreau also may claim such a title. We have no more like him.

It was said of one for whom I keep a warm place in my nature, "He will be a wild man;" and so I

love to think of Thoreau as another Ishmael, wild but wholesome from his youth, and nourishing in his boy's heart and brain the very dissidence of dissent. We know very little about his life in those days, but are at no loss to trace some of its more pregnant conditions. Grand old Doctor Ripley was priest and king in Concord then, and would tolerate no freedom outside his own proper supremacy. "His throne was his character," Dr. Hosmer says, who knew him well, and he sat upon it a born king, arbitrary and imperious, some said, but still a whole, grand man. He was sixty-three years minister of his church, and monarch, and in all these years it would be natural that those who were ruled by him should answer fairly to his will; but I love to imagine that, quite unawares, he met his match in this boy. I think of the lad in the meeting-house, watching the old man with those great gray eyes, and by no means content, from the time when he began to think for himself, to let doctrine or dogma pass without challenge. He is a free-thinker, at any rate, and a free agent when we first find him, with no solder of the stereotype about him, but a clean and separate type, and bound to live his life in his own way, no matter what the world about him may say or do. He could say, also, "I was born free," and that incident of the pencil he made is the first clear revelation to me of this free spirit. It was a perfect pencil; but when it was done and might have opened the way to a fortune, he would make no more, lest, as I imagine, he should find, in no long time, that his life was hidden away in pencils, and then "*Thoreau, Maker*," would be all that was left of the man,—a stroke well worth the attention even of those of us who make sermons.

It was this spirit, again, wild but wholesome, which lured him into Walden woods and compelled him, for a time, to turn hermit. Wordsworth says:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We give our hearts away, a sordid boon."

So thought Thoreau. "I see young men, my townsmen," said he, "whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? How many a poor immortal soul have I met, well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load! The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before."

So Thoreau was not led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, but to be free from what he felt to be an evil thraldom, and to draw near to God in his own way.

I would love to know, too, whether the germ of this adventure may not be found in certain protests the youth had to make against the good old doctors' dogmas about the smirching and be-fouling of this world of ours in the Fall. It was not a fallen world to Thoreau, nor was he a fallen man; and so he seems to have felt that Eden might be still hidden away in Walden woods, and he might find it, and he did find it, and the wild things came about him in the old, companionable way. No more exquisite picture was ever made than that Thoreau makes of his nearness to the denizens of the wilderness, his faith in them, and their faith in him, and all the wonders he saw in that sweet leisure. It was by no means the noblest life a man can live, in my poor opinion, but it must have been the noblest to which one so sincere and true could then attain, and this must determine our verdict. Talking with a rare woman about him the other day, she said, "It is fortunate, I think, that there are no more of the kind;" but I ventured to answer, "Is it not equally fortunate that we should have this one?" She could not see it. She was a happy mother with four children asleep up-stairs—including the twins—and she could imagine no rounded manhood and no Eden with the helpmeet left out, nor can I. Still here is the man in such an Eden as he could find by himself, and ready to affirm against any elder Word that there may be a life in which it is good for the man to be alone. The most of us may not agree with him, but we may be well content that he should agree with himself so entirely, and with that world he took into his heart and leave us Walden as the fruit of his adventure. "I went to the woods," he says, "because I wanted to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach me." So did the great King in the old days, and at the end of seven years he lifted up his eyes to heaven and blessed the Most High God. George Eliot says:

> "On solitary souls the universe
> Looks down inhospitable; and the buman heart
> Finds no where shelter, but in human kind."

But that which might be a bane to the most of us, was no doubt a priceless blessing to Thoreau. The solitude suited him as it did St. Robert of Knaresborough, who had exactly Thoreau's faculty

for communion with our poor brothers that run and fly.

And this free spirit, resolute to solve such problems as were brought to it in its own way, and to call no man master, is the one link, if there be one, which connects Thoreau with the great company of Liberal preachers outside the pulpit, and the sermon he preaches to us clusters about the text:

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it shall follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And it is a sermon well worth our notice, though the mutterings we are hearing against individualism should increase to a howl and end in a vast crusade to put us all again in the traces. We need these souls in every age, full to the brim with the dissidence of dissent; men who will take no man's say-so, because God has whispered to them a greater Word, who will neither be led nor lead, but just live their own life in their own way, and then report to us what they have found, that we can not find who are quite content to work in the harness and blend kindly with our kind. On the far frontier a man will drop into the settlements and offer his wild meat now and then for the home-made bread and whatever fruits of civility are to his mind, and the folks are glad to see him and make the exchange, and have him tell them of his life and adventures. So Thoreau comes to us out of the wilderness with his treasures, and we may well give him this good welcome he has won. When Parker Pillsbury went to see him as he lay a dying, he said: "Thoreau, you are so near the line now, can you not see something of the other side, some glimpse or gleam of the waiting world?" "One world at a time, Parker," he whispered cheerily, And it was the watchword, as it seems to me, of his whole life. One world at a time, and he saw that well, and served it well according to the nature God gave him, and in the short space allowed for his life. A free man to the core of his nature with strict limitations, but within these whole and sound and true, his life is our sermon, because

> "The spirit which from God is made
> The noblest of its kind,
> Asks not the help of rules that serve
> To guide the feebler mind.
> It soars, however bold its flight,
> Right onward, safe and free,
> And all that schools and books can teach
> In its own self can see,
> What charms this soul all souls must charm,
> What grieves it saddens all;
> It holds the choices of the world
> Within its subtle thrall."

## THE GROWTH OF DOCTRINE; OR, THE OLD-NEW CREED.

### VII.

### VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

W. C. GANNETT.

God became man,—God died for man: these are the two central beliefs of Christendom. We find neither of them in the full Church-sense in the Bible; for the primitive New Testament Christians, like the little Unitarian flock of the last few generations, are outside of the creed-fold of Christendom. But the *germ* of each *is* in the Bible. By the end of the second century the germs had grown into the "Incarnation" and the "Vicarious Atonement." I am to speak of the latter doctrine,—less to refute it than to see where it came from, and watch it forming, and estimate it as the crude symbol of a truth. That truth we fain would recognize ourselves in larger measure.

#### THREE ELEMENTS IN VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

There are three elements in the idea of Vicarious atonement: *Sacrifice Sin expiated by a sacrifice*, and *Vicariousness*.

Picture to yourselves the daily scene in the old Hebrew Temple. The Temple was the national Cathedral; to go there was to do what we do on a Sunday,—go to church. But what did the old-time worshipper carry? Not a hymn-book; he drove a sheep, or bore a pan of meal and olive oil. What did he see? Priests in their robes, people at their worship; but the robes were stained with blood, the people looking at a slaughter. What did he hear? The silver trumpets and the sound of psalm-singing—mingled with the lowings and bleatings of the farm-yard. There were flocks of goats and sheep huddling together, young bullocks tied to rings, doves crowded into baskets. There was a man with raised knife killing a victim; and there a priest sprinkling blood upon the altar's horns, pouring it warm around its foot to drain off in the sluices, lifting heavy joints of meat upon the sacred fire-place. Here was a wood pile; there the place for ashes. Here the place to skin and dress the carcass; there the flesh-hooks; yonder the kitchens, where the brawny vicars cooked parts of the meat after the sacrifice was over. This it was to "go to church" in ancient time. Strange as it seems to us, at scenes like that ancestors of ours have helped. Come we from Greek or Roman family, from Saxon, Celt or Scandinavian, we, in our forefathers, have worshipped our gods in that

way. The Hebrews only shared the habit with the other nations of the ancient world.

The idea involved in such a mode of worship is that the god is like the man,—a being to be pleased with bribes, appeased when angry, and thanked when gracious, by gifts like those for which man hankers. The gods were in the sky: what would they most desire? Food; even as men on earth. How could it be offered them? By mounting flames and curling smoke bearing on high the meaty fumes, mingled perhaps with incense. "God smelled a sweet savor,"—that, or its equivalent, is the constant Old Testament phrase when speaking of the sacrifices. A very material idea of the organs, the appetites, the passions and the wishes of Deity. But the original idea it was; and the practices founded on this idea lingered long in the midst of Greek philosophy, of Hebrew monotheism, of conceptions of God as a spiritual and all-righteous Father. "I owe a cock to Æsculapius," were the dying words of Socrates; and Jesus' birth was thanked for with a pair of turtle doves.

And when the sacrifice was strictly confined to sheep and goats and doves, it marked a high stage of worship already reached. The thing most precious made the choicest offering. What so precious as a *life? Blood*, therefore, supposed to be the source of life, was the gift above all grateful to the gods. Jehovah's people were to eat no blood, for "the life of the flesh is in the blood; it is the blood that maketh an atonement." But then, what life, whose blood, so precious as a *human* being's? Therefore, in the far ages, human sacrifice was perhaps as wide-spread as sacrifice itself, or prayer. Sometimes a captive, sometimes a slave, sometimes a child, sometimes an only child, was offered,—father and mother making thus their supreme offering of loyalty or fear. The *limitation* of sacrifice to the brute's life was a step of reform: probably the Abraham-and-Isaac story marks in the dim legend-way that very crisis in the early Hebrew faith.

The other elements in the Christian dogma are that sin can be expiated by a sacrifice; and this, vicariously. Both thoughts are ancient; but we are not to fancy that in the early barbarous day the idea of sin was our moral and spiritual idea, nor that the victim was offered from any elaborate motive. At first the offering was doubtless made in the simple hope of propitiating the offended Power by a gift.. In after and more thoughtful times, it was made in purposed commutation of penalty,—a fine, as it were, instead if some worse pain. Was this latter idea the germ, or rather the shrunken survival, of the more personal idea of a *substituted sufferer?* It is hard to answer. Either idea, however, was "vicarious atonement." But as conscience awoke in men, it would assert the inadequacy of any lower substitute for a man except by God's express and merciful enactment: so that *accepted commutation* appears in the later Hebrew ritual to be the intent of the "sin" and "trespass" offerings, and of the "scape-goat" sent off to the wilderness on the great "Day of Atonement," laden with the nation's sins. David's horrible peace-offering shows that the other, the substitution-thought, had been extant: like the Christian dogma, it is a double instance of vicarious punishment, *i. e.*, it is an instance of vicarious sacrifice to do away vicarious guilt: Saul sinned, the nation starved,—Saul's sons and grandsons were hanged, the nation was forgiven. (2 Sam. xii.)

Neither of these ideas, again, was confined to the Hebrew mind.

### VICARIOUS ATONEMENT AND JESUS CHRIST.

Now what connection have these ideas of Vicarious Sacrifice for Sin with Jesus Christ? An indirect, but plain, connection. The great problem of evil, Why does the good man suffer? assumed in the Hebrew mind a national form; and more than one answer to it had been given, when, at last, one prophet, with a deeper insight pondering the problem, spoke as if he saw two Israels bound together in their fate, a faithless and a faithful one; and so vivid was the latter to his mind that he spoke of it often as a living man with "Servant of Jehovah" for his name. Why is this righteous servant a man of sorrows? Isaiah's answer is, "He bears the bruise of his people's sins, and by his stripes they are healed. Jehovah lays on him the iniquities of us all." Read the famous chapter, Isaiah liii. It is no glimpse across five hundred years of a coming Savior, though Jesus himself may have believed it was; but it *is* a glimpse into that law of history of which in after-time Christ's Cross became to men the grand illustration, the law of "Vicarious Atonement." Did Jesus catch from the words *his* sad, clear vision of that law? No doubt his own soul taught him more than any words; but as we read them, probably our eyes rest on the very passage of his Scriptures which did *most* to shape in Jesus' mind his own idea of Christship,—that the real Christ of the nation must be a lowly-hearted sufferer, a victim stricken for its sins, before he could become its king. "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him." When, at his last supper with his friends, he broke the bread for them,—"This is *my body* broken for you!" and poured the red wine,—"This is *my blood* shed for many for the remission of sins," the old Isaiah spoke through him.

And, after the crucifixion, what thought so certain for his followers to make their own, full as their minds were of Jewish sacrificial imagery and double Scripture-senses? "Behold the lamb of God, dumb, spotless victim, slain for sin!" His crucifixion fell at the nation's festival: "Behold *our* Passover sacrifice!" Could blood of bulls and goats purify,—"how much more shall the blood of Christ!" Had the Jews a Law,—"here is ransom for *all!*" What need of Law and Temple and the altar-scenes,—"here is Redemption made once for all by the death of God's own Son!" Was it simbol or reality to them as they spoke and wrote such thoughts,—Paul filling his letters with them, the author of "Hebrews" building up his arguments with them? *Both* symbol *and* reality.

Thus the national ideas of Vicarious Atonement

connected themselves, for the early Christians, with Jesus Christ, and the "Cross" became the sign of the New Covenant of Reconciliation. As was said above, the New Testament contains the germ of the Christian dogma.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT AND THE ROMAN MIND.

But only the germ. The minds of three great races worked to fashion the Christian dogmas. The Church is Hebrew, Greek and Roman. From the Greek mind the mighty "Logos" came lowering down upon the figure called by the Jews, "Messiah," and from the union of the two the stately form of the "Incarnate God" appeared in Christendom. None but the metaphysical Greek could plot, none but the subtile Greek could phrase, the nature of the Godhead, the Persons three in one, the substances distinct and yet identical, the being divine yet human, the will double yet a unit: so "Incarnation,"—which, full-grown, was the "Trinity,"—made the Greek's gift to the Christian creed. The other central belief of Christendom, the "Vicarious Atonement,"—which, full-grown, made the drama of Redemption,—was the Roman's contribution. *His* national aptitude and training were all practical, were all for Government and Law. It therefore fell to him to emphasize that side of the new theology which concerns, not God's nature, but God's dealings with mankind,—the theory of sin and its transmission by inheritance, of legal condemnation and of legal grace, and of the relations between Free Will and the Divine Providence. All this, as Sir Henry Maine points out in his "Ancient Law," the Roman mind elaborated for the Church,—again enlarging to the imperial, world-wide scale a Jewish thought,—this time the symbols of a Jewish altar-service and the consolation of some Jewish enthusiasts. And, in the process, what to the early disciples was at least half-symbol hardened into complete and very literal reality, as Christianity became the established religion of the Roman world.

HOW THE PRIMITIVE IDEAS LINGER!

We will not try to trace the various forms which the dogma has taken as the centuries have passed. It is changing form to-day as men let more common-sense pass into their Bible-logic and more morality pass into their common-sense. But to-day it still deserves the title,—"one of the two central beliefs of Christendom." Every Sunday, the Catholic priest, at the most sacred moment of his service, performs the miracle of "Transubstantiation," the Mass, meant to reproduce, not in symbol but in reality, the sacrifice of God upon the Cross. Every Sunday, the Protestant's appeal is to the "Atoning Blood:" the hymn, the prayer, the preaching, are all reddened with it.

The world has just been startled by a father in New England who has sacrificed his child to God. We call it *murder* now; we shudder with horror at it. And yet he loved his child. It was a *self*-sacrifice. It was a Bible-deed,—a deed which, *in* the Bible, has set the standard of loyalty to God. If we turn to the commentators, we shall find Christian divines, in full chorus, joining in praises to Abraham for the attempted slaughter of his child. It is the old savage rite of human sacrifice, in which, by their praises, they are joining! Freeman comes along and says, "My faith is stronger than to praise; God speaks to *me*, saying, Slay! My faith is equal to a *deed:* what Christians honor, I will dare to do." And Christians, perhaps, will hang him for his Bible-deed! But, on the very scaffold, should he reach it, there will stand a Christian minister by his side, to tell the poor father that he is to be saved "by the blood of Christ,"—that another Father, the God of Heaven and Earth, has been propitiated by the sacrifice of an infinite Son, and, in virtue of that sacrifice, *his* sacrifice of a little daughter will be forgiven him! It is a startling thought, a ghastly thought, to come upon from this side and in this light. Yet it is no thought pressed forward by a heretic. This very idea, that Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac prefigures, and was *meant* by God to prefigure, the sacrifice on the cross, has been a favorite explanation of the preachers; it is in the commentaries written lately; it had probably been suggested in a thousand Christian pulpits of New England within a year of Freeman's deed. How the primitive ideas linger! Human sacrifice to the old Hebrew Sun-God, at one end,—and at the other end, across three thousand years, one of the two central dogmas of Christendom! As the doctrine of the Cross, or "the Blood," is often preached, does it not plainly betray its far-off origin?

THE ERRORS AND THE TRUTH IN "VICARIOUS ATONEMENT."

"God died for man,"—to save man from the penalty of sin: to call the statement *unprovable* as an historic fact, *unspiritual* as a description of the soul's experience in sin and restoration, *immoral* as an explanation of the laws of Eternal Justice, and therefore *impossible* and, to some extent, *demoralizing*,—to call the doctrine all this (and it deserves to be called all this), is simply to call notice to the fact that a doctrine may *be* all this, and yet have been at some time the result of man's most earnest attempt to formulate the laws of sin, of justice, and of love: and more,—it may be all this, and yet the truths it symbolizes and contains be so transcendently important that the good it is capable of doing, in certain stages of human progress, may a thousand and ten thousand times outweigh the harm. It was a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin that made this complex enginery of Redemption necessary in man's eyes. It was a sense of the absolute supremacy of Justice; a sense that sin without a penalty would out-monster sin itself, and that not even God might be unjust in order to be merciful, which made men devise this plan of arch-injustice and call it the "plan of Salvation." And then, in the God quivering on the Cross for man's sake, men had a symbol of Love, so vivid, so impressive, so awful and yet tender, that no other symbol in history can be compared with it for power to move the heart and conscience through the imagination. The very concreteness and inadequacy of a symbol, when the thing symbolized is stupendous, are elements of its power; for they

leave imagination the more unhampered and the more impelled to play. Women sing the "blood" because they think the "God"; and two crossed sticks make dying eyes close happily. Besides, though the insistance on such symbols makes a large part of the "materialism of the age," yet the spiritual side of Salvation is even by a Moody and his helpers emphasized: repentance, purification, the life of Christ within, are all urged as essential to the "faith" that makes the blood a cleansing sacrifice. Hence the thousand and ten thousand times' excess of good above the harm.

It cannot be too often remembered by us, and—if they could but see it—by our neighbors, that it is mainly *symbols* that we criticise and quarrel with in our religious differences. Are yours coarse to me in their color and concreteness,—mine are cold and vague to you in their abstractness; whence arises all the hurly-burly! All our doctrines are but symbols,—mental symbols. "Unprovable, materialistic, immoral, impossible, to some extent demoralizing," we say again of the "Vicarious Atonement" as a symbol; yet not with the hate of Sin, nor with the homage to Justice, nor with the affirmation of Eternal Love, can men be at any variance. And if we value our own emblems because they make these things vivid to our minds, let us, while criticising plainly, be more glad that they are vivid in other ways to other minds than sharp because these other ways seem poor.

"Immoral," "arch-injustice"? The words must stand. Double, triple, and quadruple injustice! Vicarious guilt; vicarious atonement; huge extortion in the anguish levied for the unpaid debts; the individual's account balanced on the paid or unpaid side, at the god's election: Adam sins,—the race is guilty; Christ suffers,—a fraction of the race escapes; another fraction, with its numerator larger and its denominator smaller, goes to timeless torture "for the glory of God"; and not yourself, but the god, determines primarily in which fraction you are to be counted. Such was the Calvinism of which modern orthodoxy is, not a "pale negation," but a pale affirmation.

Yet let us frankly say that much of this is but a travesty of *Nature*. Judged by the play upon her face, Nature is calvinistical, if not a Calvinist. "Original sin," "election," "vicarious atonement," all crudely hint truths which Science is affirming loudly in these latter days. As to the last, be only this much said here: Sin has two-fold consequences,—inward, outward. No one can bear, if he would, its *inward* hurt for me; it is I must bear it all. That my lost character and peace of mind can be restored by any sacrifice but my own sacrifice of a "broken heart" and unbroken repentance, is out of Nature. And such repenting brings again the character and peace; and that regain of peace and moral strength is the feeling called "forgiveness." No vicarious atonement *can* enter at this point; though here is mainly where the dogma locates it. On the other hand, *I* cannot, if I would, bear all the *outward* hurt of sin myself. Every day, others are "bruised for our iniquities," and we for theirs. Hourly, the innocent are being "wounded for our transgressions"; we sin and others die,—others sin and we die. The home-life, the city's life, the nation's life, are crowded full of illustrations. This interchange of penalty, forever taking place throughout society, is the great law of Vicarious Suffering. And inasmuch as, by its operation, man is mightily drawn from sin toward righteousness, toward God, it may be called the law of "Vicarious Atonement." The common doctrine but dimly shadows forth this impressive and unceasing demonstration that penalty will *somewhere* follow sin, and this impressive and unceasing appeal made by suffering Love. In all ages, martyrs have been "reconciling" man to God in this way. At times, some such reconciler is so uplifted by his innocence and willingness and fate that he becomes historic, a "savior slain"; then man, the worshipper of self-sacrifice, brings his throne of idealization, and the victim becomes King, and judges and purifies an age with the pathos of his appeal for Righteousness.

But, so far as it is traceable, it is a law, not of God's forgiveness to the individual, but of God's education of the race. And it is only one side of a greater law,—that all lives are linked together, members of each other, in *joys* as well as pains. In this larger fact must be sought,—perhaps not found,—the vindication of its justice. Perhaps just here we reach the point where faith in Goodness becomes a *faith* and ceases to be perfect sight. The vicariousness of Nature is vastly greater than the vicariousness of the dogma; a reason, not for accepting the dogma as it is, but for correcting, enlarging, redressing its statement to the scale of Nature,—there to let it front our conscience, and instruct our intellect, and judge us, and be judged! One thing is sure, that the "coming motive" to high and noble living will only be a larger recognition of this "law."

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## THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

It is with pleasure that I observe the evident disposition of "UNITY," and the men whom it represents, to avoid a polemical tone toward the other churches. The general decadence of the polemical tone among Unitarians seems one of the notable signs that the body is entering upon a new and more fruitful phase, in which the spirit of absolute freedom of inquiry is to be emitted with a warmer spirituality and a more successful promotion of practical righteousness in the community. I suspect that, in the nature of things, this advance in spiritual and practical life was hardly possible until the principle of intellectual freedom had been fully established. I venture to urge some special reasons why Unitarian and Liberal teachers do well to avoid a polemical tone toward Orthodoxy. There is a temptation to take that tone, because the intellectual features of the Orthodox system are repugnant to the Liberal thinker; because, also, their moral effect seems to him injurious; and frequently because his own progress has consisted partly in getting rid of Orthodox ideas, and it is natural for him reconcile loyalty to my own convictions with charity to the convictions of others? I think that when

to reproduce to his hearers the process which he has been through. Nevertheless, I believe the polemical tone toward Orthodoxy is very rarely wise. It is the very nature of religious controversy to divert men's minds from the substance of religion. It exasperates those whom we wish to convert, and it is apt to puff up with self-complacency those who already believe as we do. This of polemics in general: there are special reasons why, in *our* communities aggressive controversy is out of place on the part of Unitarians toward the Orthodox.

In the first place, the only solid ground for claiming advantage for one form of religion over another is that it bears better fruit. Now, is it generally true that in a particular community the attendants on a Unitarian church are purer, more truthful, more benevolent, more spiritual,—in a word, better men and women,—than the attendants on the other churches? Especially, can any clearly-marked moral superiority be claimed, in view of the fact that Unitarianism principally reaches the class which already enjoys special advantages of education and thoughtfulness? Compare the average Unitarian congregation with the average Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, or even Catholic; make due allowance for the fact that some of these latter deal with much rougher and less hopeful material than the first; and can it be claimed that the Unitarian church has a clear and indisputable advantage in the moral fruitage resulting from its labors? I leave the broad answer to be given by each according to his own observation. For my own part, I notice that if, in this town where I write, for instance, there is any good work of benevolence or of public service to be undertaken,—a Union Relief Society for the poor, a Children's Aid Association, or whatever it may be,—it finds its promoters and helpers about as much in one church as in another. So, again, I have asked New England school-teachers, of much experience and observation, decided Unitarians in their own convictions: "Do you see any moral difference in the children that come to you from Unitarian and from Orthodox families?" and have received the answer, "We can see no difference at all." Most of the tests that I can apply indicate a like result. Now, if Unitarian churches do not produce better men and women than other churches, is it worth while to make any vaunt of superiority? Or, if on the whole and in the long run they do produce a higher type of manhood and womanhood, it would seem better to let that fact speak for itself.

There is another consideration that needs to be borne in mind by those whose personal associations are chiefly among Unitarians. The working beliefs of Orthodox people are something quite different from the formulated and self-consistent systems of religious philosophy known as Orthodoxy. Even the average preaching in Orthodox churches is far milder, more practical, more rational, than the Calvinistic system as laid down by its great historic expounders. Still more remote from that system are the working beliefs by which most of the good men and women in Orthodox churches really live. The truth is, almost any man's philosophy or theory of religion is like a big house with all kinds of rooms, and in only a very few of the rooms is the man's life carried on. I think, on the whole, it certainly is the growing tendency of the Orthodox to live in the best rooms of their theological house. "Unconditional election," "Reprobation,"—these have been pretty much uninhabited these many years. "Damnation of infants,"—why, that noisome dungeon is so completely in ruins that the occupants of the house dispute whether there ever was such a place! "Substitutional Atonement,"—that is still considerably in use, but a good part of the family have moved out of it altogether. "Eternal damnation,"—that chamber is rarely opened now except for the purpose of proving that it exists, and it is crumbling very fast. "The Trinity,"—that is really shifting into something very different from its old shape; the inhabited part of it is really "The deity of Christ;" which, in its practical significance, is coming to be just this: the historical existence of an ideally perfect human character who is the direct manifestation of God. "Love," "Righteousness," "Immortality," "The Spiritual Life,"—*these* are the rooms of the old house into which the best and strongest elements of the whole Christian family,—most of it Orthodox in name,—are coming more and more to reside. Is it worth while for those of us who discard the Orthodox name and philosophy, but who, with all our search, can find no better home for the soul, none more surely founded on the eternal rock, than righteousness and love and hope and trust,—is it worth while for us to assail, for want of philosophical consistency or intellectual courage, those who are evidently coming by different roads to the same practical result? Are we so perfect in consistency and in courage, so certain that we have reached final truth, or so sure that we are living in the best rooms of *our* theological house, that we can afford to assume superiority over those who do not speak as we speak or see as we see?

It may be said that when a Unitarian preacher assails Orthodoxy, he of course refers to the philosophical system, and not to the people who practically discard its worst elements. But it is to be remembered that hearers do not always make these distinctions, and that the very names of "Orthodox" and "Evangelical" are very dear to many people, who attach often no very clear ideas to them, but who are repelled when those names are attacked. It is alike desirable for peace and for truth, for mutual liking and for mutual help, that Orthodox and Unitarians should know each other better; that they should meet oftener on distinctively religious ground as well as in what are called secular affairs. One great barrier to such intercourse is the exclusion of Unitarians from Orthodox pulpits, for which, of course, the responsibility rests on the latter. But the barrier is strengthened every time that a Unitarian minister assails Orthodoxy. He may need sometimes to speak the critical word, but ninety-nine times in a hundred his word will be more fruitful to his hearers, if spoken, not in the way of criticism or denial, but positively and constructively.

Of course, the question presses: How am I to

the preacher reaches the answer to that question, he finds he has also answered the broader question: How shall I make my teaching fruitful to my hearers? I take the answer to both questions to be,—the inquiry being not now as to substance, but as to form and method,—teach not abstractly, but by application to the life; teach in concrete forms; do not labor to prove that "salvation depends not on belief, but on right character;" but show your people by endless illustration what right character is; draw your material from the nursery, the shop, the farm, the factory. Let humanity rather than philosophy be your inspiration. Get near to your people; find out what they care about, and where the shoe pinches. Teach as Jesus taught, and as he would teach to-day,—I mean the Jesus, not of the Fourth Gospel, but of the Synoptics.

I am persuaded that this question of method has the closest connection with success in preaching, and with whatever failure has been hitherto attributable to Unitarian preaching. It is really a question of spirit as well as of method; it involves not merely skill in the form of a sermon, but the motive behind the sermon; a motive, it should be, not of concern about abstract truth, but of personal sympathy with the hearer. We are constantly taught how impossible it is to gauge a preacher's power,—I mean real and beneficent power, not mere popularity,—by the intellectual value of his ideas. We are apt to wonder at this, and to blame the people. But it is no fault of the people's. The ideas in a sermon are only one element in its value, and not the most important. Genuine, warm sympathy for the hearers, the outgoing of the heart toward them,—that may be reckoned as first. The use of the hearer's own language,—story rather than argument, direct application rather than philosophizing, the speech of the household rather than of the study,—that I should put as second. After these, the clearness and depth of the thought; and, after all of these, physical presence, voice, and other externalities.

Something like this I believe would be the scale upon which to measure the power of moral fruitfulness in a sermon; and I believe a study of the most successful preachers,—look, for instance, at Moody, Phillip Brooks, Robert Collyer,—would bear this out.

Now, it is when moral ideas are presented in their bare and intellectual form, that collision with other systems most easily arises. Let them be clothed in their working form, put in their applications to life, and not as mere abstractians,—and practical harmony ensues between all who are working toward the same ends. In other words, it is the most fruitful preaching that is also the most reconciling.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

*Springfield, Mass., July* 11, 1879.

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PRIVATE SCHOOL.

Two pupils (either sex) will be received into a liberal family, Sept. 1, for instruction in English branches. Healthy location. Unitarian Church and Sunday School. For further particulars, address, T. H. EDDMES,
Genoa, (Kane Co.,) Ill.

## CHURCHES AND SLAVERY.

Oliver Johnson in his "Recollections of an Abolitionist," in the N. Y. *Tribune*, writes:

Dr. Lyman Beecher was then at the head of the orthodox pulpit in Boston. The great controversy between Orthodoxy and Unitarianism was drawing nigh to its culmination in the complete divorcement of the two parties. Dr. Chaning, the leader on the Unitarian side, was a man of a gentle and humane spirit, not liking controversy, while Dr. Beecher was a born belligerent. Mr. Garrison was conscientiously and strictly orthodox, and therefore naturally inclined to seek support in the first instance from the orthodox, pulpit and church. When he was in Boston in 1827, editing *The National Philanthropist*, he became a warm admirer of Dr. Beecher, partly on account of his attitude on the Temperance question, but still more because of his great powers as a preacher, and naturally enough, the Doctor was the first minister to whom he appealed for support in the warfare against slavery. He was bitterly disappointed in finding him indifferent to his appeal. "I have too many irons in the fire already," said the Doctor. "Then," said Mr. Garrison, "you had better let all your irons burn than neglect your duty to the slave." The Doctor, like almost all the clergymen of that day, was a colonizationist, believing that freedom to the slaves with liberty to remain in the United States would be a curse; they must be sent to Africa, whence their fathers had been stolen, and carry to that country the Christianity of their masters. To him, therefore, Mr. Garrison's doctrine of immediate emancipation upon American soil was repulsive, and he told him so. "Your zeal," he said, "is commendable; but you are misguided. If you will give up your fanatical notions and be guided by us (the clergy) we will make you the Wilberforce of America."

Mr. Garrison left Dr. Beecher with a disappointed and saddened heart, for he had counted with confidence upon his sympathy and support. He had sat under his preaching with profit and delight, and he longed to hear his eloquent voice pleading the cause of the imbruted slave. Disappointed in this, to whom should he next turn? He resolved to visit other clergymen of the city and vicinity and seek their co-operation. But, with hardly an exception, he found them unsympathetic. Dr. Beecher, in speaking for himself, had unconsciously spoken for the rest. Truth had indeed fallen in the street, and equity could not enter. He resolved to go and see Jeremiah Evarts, secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who had been writing eloquently in behalf of the Indians. Surely, he said to himself, I shall find a helper in him. But no; Mr. Evarts, with all his sympathy for the outraged Indians, would not speak or write a word in behalf of the slave, or countenance any effort for his emancipation; and Mr. Garrison learned to his unspeakable disgust, that not a few of the Cherokees and Choctaws, for whom Mr. Evarts was pleading so eloquently, were themselves the owners of negro slaves!

It was in the midst of snch darkness, discouragement and doubt that *The Liberator* was born—born to fight slavery to the death, and to record its final extinction. Started without so much as a single *dollar* of capital, or even one subscriber, it was sustained for thirty-five years by such pluck and endurance, and such faith in God as has been but rarely witnessed in the history of mankind. In the character of its editor it had a moral capital that no fire of persecution could

destroy or impair, and no flood of calumny overwhelm. "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," was its grand and all-embracing motto; born of the very heart and soul of the religion of Christ. It fought for what is most of all fundamental in that religion, for that without which it were indeed a mockery and a sham.

Stuart at Andover, Alexander at Princeton, Fisk at Wilbraham, and others who in high places were training a new generation of ministers, were weaving ingenious arguments from the Scriptures to prove that slaveholding was compatible with the golden rule, and that the plea for immediate emancipation was the wildest fanaticism. The ready plea of the apologist for slavery was, that excitement upon the subject would inevitably quench the influences of the Divine Spirit and put an end to the revivals of religion which were declared to be the great instrumentality for the conversion of the world. The voices of thousands who might otherwise have borne a testimony against slavery were hushed to silence by this specious plea. A small remnant was indeed "faithful among the faithless found," but they fell under popular reproach, and in some instances were subject to persecution among false brethren. Most of the churches, to quote the significant words of Whittier, "lent their strength to the spoiler," and, in the language of James G. Birney, a sound, cool-headed Presbyterian, became "the bulwarks of American slavery."

If we may accept for truth the declaration of the Rev. Albert Barnes, "that there was no power out of the church that would sustain slavery an hour if it was not sustained in it," then it must be admitted that the church was responsible for the failure to abolish the system by moral power, and for all the blood spilled and the treasure lost in the war of the rebellion! There was no pretence *then* that Mr. Garrison was an infidel. That plea was invented years afterward, when the churches found it necessary to offer some plausible excuse for their delinquency; and it was no truer then than it would have been if offered at first. It was in the power of the churches, if they had had any heart for the work, to make the movement their own, to lead and guide it from its beginning to its consummation. This, indeed, was what Mr. Garrison desired and expected. He coveted not for himself the honors of leadership, but would have been content to serve the cause inconspicuously, if the men in power and influence had been persuaded to take it up. He was forced to the front when he would gladly have taken a place in the ranks.

## THE JEWS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

The European world has long been used to consider the Jews as altogether exceptional, and it has followed naturally enough that they have been excepted from the rules of justice and mercy, which are based on human likeness. But to consider a people whose ideas have determined the religion of half the world, and that the more cultivated half, and who made the most eminent struggle against the power of Rome, as a purely exceptional race, is a demoralizing offence against rational knowledge, a stultifying inconsistency in historical interpretation.

No wonder the Jews have their vices: no wonder if it were proved (which it has not hitherto appeared to be) that some of them have a bad pre-eminence in evil, and unrivalled superfluity of naughtiness. It would be more plausible to make a wonder of the virtues which have prospered among them under the shadow of oppression. But instead of dwelling on these, or treating as admitted what any hardy or ignorant person may deny, let us found simply on the loud assertions of the hostile. The Jews, it is said, resisted the expansion of their own religion into Christianity; they were in the habit of spitting on the cross; they have held the name of Christ to be *Anathema*. Who taught them that? The men who made Christiantty a curse to them; the men who made the name of Christ a symbol for the spirit of vengeance, and, what was worse, made the execution of the vengeance a pretext for satisfying their own savageness, greed and envy: the men who sanctioned with the name of Christ a barbaric and blundering copy of pagan fatalism in taking the words, "His blood be upon us and on our children," as a divinely appointed verbal warrant for wreaking cruelty from generation to generation on the people from whose sacred writings Christ drew his teaching. Strange retrogression in the professors of an expanded religion, boasting an illumination beyond the spiritual doctrine of Hebrew prophets! For Hebrew prophets proclaimed a God who demanded mercy rather than sacrifices. The Christians also believed that God delighted not in the blood of rams and of bulls, but they apparently conceived him as requiring for his satisfaction the sighs and groans, the blood and roasted flesh of men whose forefathers had misunderstood the metaphorical character of prophecies which spoke of spiritual pre-eminence under the figure of a material kingdom. Was this the method by which Christ desired his title to the Messiahship to be commended to the hearts and understandings of the nation in which he was born? Many of his sayings bear the stamp of that patriotism which places fellow-countrymen in the inner circle of affection and duty. And did the words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," refer only to the centurion and his band, a tacit exception being made of every Hebrew there present from the mercy of the Father and the compassion of the Son?—nay, more, of every Hebrew yet to come who remained unconverted after hearing of his claim to the Messiahship, not from his own lips or those of his native apostles, but from the lips of alien men whom cross, creed and baptism had left cruel, rapacious and debauched? It is more reverent to Christ to believe that he must have approved the Jewish martyrs who deliberately chose to be burned or massacred rather than be guilty of a blaspheming lie, more than he approved the rabble of crusaders who robbed and murdered them in his name.

Unquestionably the Jews, having been more than any other race exposed to the adverse moral influences of alienism, must, both in individuals and in groups, have suffered some corresponding moral degradation; but in fact they have escaped with less of abjectness and less of hard hostility toward the nations whose hand has been against them, than could have happened in the case of a people who had neither their adhesion to a separate religion founded on historic memories, nor their characteristic family affectionateness. Tortured, flogged, spit upon, the *corpus vile* on which rage or wantonness vented themselves with impunity, their name flung at them as an opprobrium by superstition, hatred and contempt, they have remained proud of their origin. Does any one call this an evil pride? Perhaps he belongs to that order of man who, while he has a democratic dislike for dukes and earls, wants to make believe that his father was

an idle gentleman, when in fact he was an honorable artisan, or who would feel flattered to be taken for other than an Englishman. It is possible to be too arrogant about our blood or our calling, but that arrogance is virtue compared with such mean pretence. The pride which identifies us with a great historic body is a humanizing, elevating habit of mind, inspiring sacrifices of individual comfort, gain, or other selfish ambition, for the sake of that ideal whole; and no man swayed by such a sentiment can become completely abject. That a Jew of Smyrna, where a whip is carried by passengers ready to flog off the too officious specimens of his race, can still be proud to say, "I am a Jew," is surely a a fact to awaken an admiration in a mind capable of understanding what we may call the ideal forces of human history. And again, a varied, impartial observation of the Jews in different countries tends to the impression that they have a predominant kindliness which must have been deeply ingrained in the constitution of their race to have outlasted the ages of persecution and oppression. The concentration of their joys in domestic life has kept up in them the capacity of tenderness; the pity for the fatherless and the widow, the care for the women and the little ones, blend intimately with their religion, is a well of mercy that cannot long or widely be pent up by exclusiveness. And the kindliness of the Jews overflows the line of division between him and the Gentile. On the whole, one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of this scattered people, made for ages "a scorn and a hissing," is, that after being subjected to this process, which might have been expected to be in every sense deteriorating and vitiating, they have come out of it (in any estimate which allows for numerical proportion) rivalling the nations of all European countries in healthiness and beauty of physique, in practical ability, in scientific and artistic aptitude, and in some forms of ethical value. A significant indication of their natural rank is seen in the fact that at this moment the leader of the Liberal party in Germany is a Jew, the leader of the Republican party in France is a Jew, and the head of the Conservative ministry in England is a Jew.

## HEBREW UNION.

The *Independent* gives the following report of the Sixth Annual Council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregation recently held in New York: "Over 200 delegates were in attendance. Wm. B. Hackenberg, of Philadelphia, was chosen president. While the committee on permanent organization was absent, Dr. Sonnenschein, of St. Louis, was invited to address the delegates. He said it was a matter of congratulation that there was gathered in convention men representing all shades of Judaism, from the most conservative to the most radical, for the purpose of uniting in an at tempt to regain what they had lost—harmony in the Hebrew faith; and he was particularly gratified to find them assem bled in the same hall where Felix Adler, that eloquent apos tle of Judaism, had so often preached. The mention of the name of Felix Adler was received with a storm of mingled hisses and cheers. Delegates called the speaker to order; but the chairman ruled that, as he had been invited by vote to make an address, he could proceed and express his individual opinions. A motion to take a recess was voted down, and Dr. Sonnenschein finished his speech. The president of the Executive Board presented his report for the past year. He said the sentiment of "Union in Israel" had grown, and recommended the erection of a new college building in Cincinnati, the consideration of the question of a stricter observance of the Sabbath, the establishment of a young ladies' seminary, the encouragement of agricultural pursuits, and further legislation on the subject of civil and religious rights. A special commission reported favorably on the project of a college at Cincinnati, and the report was adopted. The committee on circuit preaching recommended the plan, and it was adopted. The duty of circuit preachers will be to organize congregations, to awaken religious spirit, and to organize religious schools. Each minister will have a salary fixed by the Executive Board, and his expenses, not over $500 a year, are to be paid, except when the community visited can furnish the money. Dr. Moses said Judaism was dying out in the South. The Jews are marrying into Christian families, and their children are growing up without religious instruction. There should be more Jewish preaching in the South. The most spirited debate of the session was on the agricultural project, which was considered last year and given to a committee to report upon. The plan as finally adopted is as follows:

That a tract of land should be purchased large enough to accommodate at least fifty families and support a model farm school; that managers of Jewish schools and charitable institutions should introduce into the institutions elementary instruction on the subject; that the opportunity now opens for a good investment of money by capitalists; and that the Executive Board of the Council be empowered to select from their number a committee of five on agriculture, to solicit donations of land, of farming implements, and money, to allot to each family in the colony from fifty to eighty acres of land, that shall be rent free for seven years, after which the land taken up shall be offered to the incumbent for a reasonable price, the money received to be applied in purchasing other land, as at first, and so on; to purchase such additional tracts of land as may from time to time in the colonial life be expedient and as the funds on hand may allow; and that the Board's committee should consult with kindred organizations as to the best means of accomplishing the project of the colony.

The next session of the Council will be held in Chicago. This was the first convention after the union of the Eastern and Western Jews."

## A NEW LIBERAL PAPER.

*The Western Liberal*, a new monthly paper "devoted to the cause of Liberal Christianity in the Southwest," comes from Waterville, Kansas. Its editor, C. H. Pickards, writes: "To our knowledge, there are but two religious papers in the State, while the number of journals devoted to news, politics, agriculture, education and general literature, is legion. Probably no State in the Union, in proportion to its population, publishes so many secular dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, and so few of a distinctive religious and moral character. This field is especially open to a journal like our own. The people of Kansas and the Southwest are exceptionally liberal in their religious tendencies, and while, through want of efficient leaders, they have organized few societies and built few liberal churches, the need of such things is sensibly felt and frequently expressed. We are impressed with the idea that the best medium of preserving, developing and organizing this liberal leaven would be a religious paper, which should be keenly alive to the needs and interests of the liberal cause in

the rapidly-growing States west and south of the Missouri, and which should be published in a spirit harmonious with that of our people. In entering this field we shall neither crowd nor be crowded. The only religious journals devoted to the Unitarian cause which circulate in these States are the *Christian Register*, published in Boston, and *Unity*, published in Chicago. Both of these are most excellent, and we wish that they were more widely circulated and better known among us. We mistrust, however, that neither has a very large subscription list west of the Missouri; and it is evident that, published at the distance of Chicago and Boston, these papers, however excellent and filled with substantial meat, cannot, from the very nature of the case, devote any considerable share of their attention to a region which to them is more or less a remote Athabaska and Saskatchewan, or at best a land with the bare possibilities of a future liberal Eldorado. With vital faith "that the hour cometh and now is" when this land should share in that liberal Gospel so familiar in the East, we enter the field in this auxiliary capacity. As our name indicates, we shall try to be liberal. It shall be our aim to cultivate that tone of thought which shall be, in the largest and purest sense, free and untrammelled, and that temper toward those differing from us in opinion best calculated to favor a mutual exchange of ideas which shall be profitable to both."

## NOTES.

Bishop Colenso calls the Zulu war a "most unrighteous and unnecessary" war, "which has been forced on by the policy of the High Commission," and "in which already ten thousand human beings have been killed."

Dr. Talmage, seeing the *Saturday Review's* criticism of him, is said to have compared it to "a little dog baying at the moon, which pleased the dog and did the moon no harm."

On account of the recent rains in England, "the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have recommended to their clergy to use the 'prayer for fair weather' in their churches."

Prof. Simon Newcomb answering President Porter in the *Independent*, says: "Not only has he (Prof. Newcomb) no sympathy with the supposed materialism of western science, but has probably a worse opinion of its logical basis than President Porter himself."

Prof. Brueck, a Protestant, has just been elected "Rector Magnificus" of the six-century-old University of Vienna. He is the first Protestant who has held that office. The University has lately shown further religious liberality in electing two Hebrew gentlemen, Professors Gruenhut and Hoffman, to the chairs of Law and Philosophy. A short time ago, it is said, a Hebrew could not as much as take a doctor's degree in any university.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mr. Gladstone writes in a letter that he has found a principal test of religion to be its power of securing right moral judgments, and adds: "To my great pain and disappointment, I have found during the last three years that thousands of Churchmen, not including the clergy, supplied the great mass of those who have gone lamentably wrong upon questions involving deeply the interests of truth, justice and humanity. I should hear with much comfort any satisfactory explanation of this very painful circumstance."

Cetewayo, according to *Punch*, addresses England as follows: "If you have missionaries left at home, why do they not teach you the same things they teach me? They tell me I must not invade Englishman's country. Englishman invade mine. They forbid me to wash my spears in Boess' blood. Englishman wash his bayonets in Zulus'. They teach me I must not keep up my army of young men. Englishman keep up his army of younger men than mine. They say I must not kill Zulu. I must not take your cattle. You take mine. I must not settle on Englishman's or Boer's land. Englishmen and Boers settle on my young men's."

The advantages of Union are seen in the following, quoted from the *Social Science Journal*: "Dr. Gray, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum in Utica, states that the percentage of insanity among farmers' wives is greater than among married women of other classes. They are isolated and lonely, and their lives are very monotonous from the same round of work, year after year. Their hope lies in the spread and enlarged scope of Granges, which make separate homes members of a community of mutual interest and social life. It brings wholesome change, new incentives to labor, and affords a necessary series of recreations and a new interest in humanity."

A man who, like Rev. Charles Bullock, an English clergyman, writes a book on "Shakspeare's Debt to the Bible," should acknowledge his own debts. But J. B. Selkirk "writes to a London newspaper that the contents of twenty pages of the book, without which it would have been no book at all, are appropriated from a volume of his, now in a fourth edition, entitled 'Bible Truths and Shakspearean Parallels.' Mr. Bullock, he says, has copied out fifty-five of the subjects treated by him, quotations, references, and headings all complete, with the only difference that he has given the Biblical references instead of copying them out in full, and in so doing has reduced the value of his work."

Dr. Bellows, in a recent speech, said: "No man can cease to care for the church without gradually deteriorating; and on this point I have the testimony of the strongest and best men. I never knew one man or woman who steadily evaded the house of prayer and public worship on the Lord's day who habitually neglected it, and had a theory on which it was neglected—that did not come to grief and bring other people to grief. Some people may have been so well brought up in their youth that they do not come to visible grief; but what grief is equal to that of gradually losing faith in everything, and doubting whether this world in which we are living is not, after all, a dream that may be told by an idiot,—a vision, something that we must try to be patient with, plucking such pleasures and fruits as offer themselves to our reach?"

The *Alliance* speaks of rationalists who, "commencing by doubting some of the dogmas of the church, ended by doubting the nail-prints, the Cross, and the Resurrection. The ship's crew begins to throw out ballast, and ends by casting overboard the quadrant, the compass, the wheel, and the water casks." But, on the same leaf, the *Alliance* pays the following compliment to one who has thrown overboard the aforesaid doctrines and more: "Time was when it was a question whether Queen Victoria or the Empress Eugenie was the first woman of Europe. There is no question now. A widow with doubtful right to the title, of obscure birth, is

acknowledged by the best part of the world as the first woman in it. The aristocracies of birth and property have given way to the autocracy of intellect, and the genius of a George Eliot raises her above scepter and crown, title and wealth."

Chastine Cox thinks "God has forgiven" his crime, and has so much faith that he says, when returning to the cell after conviction, he felt "like shouting praises to God." The N. Y. *Tribune* says: "Probably the preacher of Cox's own race, who discoursed upon the case the other night, described him when he spoke of him as an illustration of the entire separation of religion and morality. Cox seems to have seen no inconsistency in indulging in an occasional burglary and living a disolute life, at the same time he was a devout church member and went about urging others to become members also. It is easy to see how such a man might reason himself into the belief that he was innocent of any crime but an unimportant burglary, and how he might roll that off his conscience with the utmost ease. But the thought of the complacent scaffold speech he is likely to make is good cause for a shudder"

According to a French journal, some curious facts have come to light about the regeneration of the eye, during experiments made by M. Philipeaux. He has aimed to ascertain whether, on completely emptying the eyes of young rabbits and guinea-pigs, the vitreous humor would be reorganized, and whether even the crystalline lens would be reproduced. He has been careful not to destroy the crystalline capsule, for experience has shown that in order that an organ shall be regenerated, a portion of it must be left in its place. A month after the mutilation was effected, the eyes which had been emptied were filled afresh, and the crystalline lens was restored. He operated on twenty-four animals, and in each case the mutilated eye revived. This would seem to show that the optic organ has the same capabilities as the bones; the organic process repairs an injury, and reconstructs, more or less completely, that portion which has been lost.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A most remarkable religious service was held in St. Louis on Sunday evening, June 29th, being nothing less than a joint meeting of Baptists and Jews, held in the synagogue of the latter, and presided over jointly by the pastor, the Rev. W. W. Boyd, and the rabbi, Dr. Sonnenschein. On the burning of the Second Baptist Meeting-house, six months ago, the Jewish congregation near by offered their Christian neighbors the free use of their temple while the new church was building. The kind offer was accepted, and, after using Dr. Sonnenschein's synagogue for half a year, a united meeting was proposed. The two clergymen led in prayer, hymns were sung from their two hymn-books, a sermon preached by Mr. Boyd from a text in the Psalms, and at the close of it a silver service presented in the name of the Baptist congregation to the Jewish minister, who responded, drawing a graphic picture of a "brotherhood of all nations and creeds traveling to the great hereafter, with their hearts and affections fixed on the same God, and regarding each as the children of the same parent."—*Independent.*

W. R. Greg, in the *Nineteenth Century*, writes: "The received creed, which we are only slowly beginning to outgrow or to expurgate, pronounces that men's salvation depends not on what they do, but on what they think; not on righteous conduct and a Christian spirit, but on sound dogma and correct belief; not on being imbued and governed by 'the mind which was in Jesus,' but on having accepted right ideas as to who Jesus was and what he taught. Till this fatal idea is exploded, Christianity can neither bear its destined fruits nor deserve its borrowed name. So long as it reigns pre-eminent, religious persecution can neither be denounced as illegitimate, nor resented as iniquitous. If my eternal salvation really depends upon the faith I hold, it is impossible to argue that any severity, any barbarism, any oppression which offers the prospect of converting me to the faith that opens the gates of heaven, may not be the most righteous and kindly treatment to pursue toward me—is not, or may not be, not only a justifiable course, but a sacred and a solemn duty. 'The theory of persecution,' it has been well said, 'would be invulnerable, if its major premises were not unsound.'"

G. W. Smalley writes that M. de Lesseps, though seventy-three years old, is "one of the youngest men now living. He does not look a day older than when I saw him at the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. He is just as erect in figure and alert in manner; his eye is as bright and full, and his conversation has all the old power and vivacity which coaxed incredulous capitalists into finding money for piercing the Isthmus. He has now, as you know, embarked on a new undertaking, and is going to make a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by way of Panama. On this he talks, as of old, with the utmost freedom, with a confidence which knows no limits. He discusses it with as much zest and zeal as if he were a boy with the future all before him, and his fame and fortune yet to make. . . Yesterday this septuagenarian youth devoted a long afternoon in the city to business, sat through a long dinner, appeared about midnight at Mrs. Millais' party, having his hostess, Mrs Douglass Murray, on his arm, and spent two or three hours in that brilliant company. At two this morning I saw him waltzing airily with a young lady who might have been his granddaughter."

Lydia Maria Child, writing in the August *Atlantic*, of Mr. Garrison, says: "His character had, undoubtedly, a strong stamp of Puritanism, partly in his organization, and partly the result of being reared in an atmosphere of Calvinism. But, though he was always stern and uncompromising in the rebuke of wrong, those who knew him well were aware of an undertone of deep tenderness in his feelings. It was, in fact, a genuine love for his fellow men that rendered him so severe in his denunciations of oppression. Any contemptuous estimate of human beings, whether they were women, negroes, or Chinese, kindled his indignation, and he never paused to measure the fashion of its utterance. But when he encountered a reasonable, manly antagonist, no one could be more courteous in debate than he. While traveling on a steamboat, he accidentally fell into conversation with a stranger, who proved to be a South Carolinian. The subject of slavery was almost immediately introduced, for in those days Southerners were even more alert to vindicate their 'peculiar institution' than the abolitionists were to attack it. Mr. Garrison, in reply to the statements of his companion, frankly avowed that he was himself an ultra-abolitionist; and he went on to explain why he thought the abolition of so bad a system would prove equally beneficial to the white race and the colored. The Southern gentleman listened with apparent interest, and prolonged the conversation till the steamboat landed. At

parting, he said, 'I am pleased to have met you. If all the abolitionists were like you, they would not be such disturbers of the peace; but as for that violent fellow, Garrison, who is trying to instigate the slaves to cut their masters' throats, that fellow ought to be silenced.' Mr. May, who stood near, now came forward with a bow and a smile, and said, 'This is Mr. Garrison.'" She says elsewhere: "In the later years of his life his sympathies embraced all the religions of the world."

And now the Wooster (O.) Presbytery has forced out of its ranks Rev. A. U. Alcott, because he believed in "unlimited atonement,"—that Christ died for *all* men. The Presbytery, Prof. Swing writes, "informed the anxious inquirer that he might not preach any general atonement, but that he must sound forth the good news (gospel) that Christ had died only for some part of the human family. The Presbytery quoted for the benefit of Mr. Alcott that part of the Confession which teaches that all the human race were lost in Adam, and that Christ came to buy back a few captives and to set them free, and that the ordination vows of each Calvinistic clergyman bind him solemnly to that view of Adam's works and Christ's work. The Presbytery went onward, and declared that at the union of the Old and New Presbyterians a few years ago it was agreed that the Old School ideas should be held as legitimate, and that New School ideas should as quickly as possible become extinct. After the profound court had uttered itself in this way, Mr. Alcott delivered a calm and thoughtful address, and then requested that his name be stricken from the roll of Calvinistic clergymen. This request the court granted, and when the same court had passed resolutions of respect and love for the erring brother, and had commended him to any denomination that might be in need of a good man, the Presbytery went home to enjoy their faithfulness to the Gospel—the good news that the eating of the apple did not damn the little elect company to which they belonged."

Robert Collyer writes of himself: "At the quarterly meeting in January, 1859, when I was to have my license renewed as a local preacher in the Methodist Church, the presiding elder said he wanted to examine me on the Articles of Faith, and the first question put to me was whether I thought it was consistent with my profession as a Methodist to go to infidel conventions and occupy infidel pulpits; for I had preached once or twice for Dr. Furness in Philadelphia. I said I had made up my mind on that point, had tried to look at the thing fairly, and had come to the conclusion that the Garrisonian Abolitionists and men like Dr. Furness were the real Christians, and that if there were any infidels around they belonged to our own church. The presiding elder asked me to give them some idea as to what I really did believe. I said that for one thing I did not believe in eternal damnation; I believed that there would be just as good a show for human souls on the other side as there is on this, and probably a little better. I said further that I did not believe in the doctrine of human depravity, nor in the *literal* inspiration of the Bible and its *infallibility*. I thought that there were, perhaps, faults in it, and we should get the truth out of it as we get gold out of the mine and refine it. He asked, 'What do you believe about these Unitarians you have been preaching for?' I replied, 'I believe that a good Unitarian will go to Heaven as straight as a good Methodist.' 'Then,' he said, 'it is evident, Brother Collyer, that you are not a Methodist.' I answered that that had been my suspicion. 'We cannot renew your license,' said the presiding elder. 'I do not want you to,' I answered; 'I think it had better stop;' and so it was duly announced that I had left the Methodist Church."

The "Progressive Friends" at their late annual meeting, adopted the following:

"Recognizing the fact that the religious sentiment is the deepest of all the sentiments implanted in the bosom of our nature, its institutions and convictions the most sacred trust committed to man, we cherish with profoundest interest all that pertains to its right cultivation and just direction and expression. As rightly or wrongly interpeted, it is either the most precious boon and benign blessing, or source of the direst injury and calamity known to the human race.

"Profoundly believing, as we do, that religion is becoming in our time increasingly emancipated, broadened, and freed, disassociated from dogma and acceptance of book, institution, or observance as embodying and prescribing its essential elements, we rejoice in the firm conviction that it is to become more and more clearly one with the simple, plain worship of truth and beauty, the constant endeavor of the soul after all knowledge and wisdom and excellence.

"We believe that, thus interpreted, it opens the largest and richest field for the spiritual growth and culture of man, individually and socially, and we commend its study and appropriation in this breadth to all liberals as an object worthy their best attention, and especially we urge its sedulous inculcation by them, on all fit opportunities, in the minds of the young.

"We do moreover at this time renew our earnest testimony in behalf of the superlative claims of the primal moralities,—moralities as expressed in the law of virtue, chastity, self-restraint, and purity in the life,—and we deeply deprecate and emphatically condemn, under whatever pretext or persuasion it may be sought, any attempt to loosen the hold or weaken the sway of these in the general mind, as criminally harmful, directly subversive in tendency and sure effect, wherever it may succeed, of the very foundations of moral order and the life of society itself."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August is full of good things. The author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life" contributes the promised article on "Preaching." W. H. Babcock furnishes a highly interesting paper on "The Future of Invention." One effect of "the flood of inventions," he admits, will be to throw men out of employment, to a degree which, "before many years, will be simply intolerable," and which, at the same time, "will not check invention." But he sees a remedy in the natural "return of the masses to their normal and healthful existence as tillers of the soil, not for the sake of speculation or considerable sale, but for the means of living." Joseph Kirkland, in "An Experiment in Play Writing," gives a witty account of the difficulties of dramatizing a story. "Good society," to a limited extent, patronized the play for a few nights, but the "theatre-going public" took the occasion to be "at the minstrel show or off seeing a woman walk a million quarters of a yard in a million quarters of a month;" and the advice he gives is that "if he wants to be heard and quoted all over the world," "he'd better write Whoa, Emma." Henry King, in "At Kawsmouth Station," gives a pleasant sketch of some Kansas people met there,—from the land agent eulogising his State, to the young farmer waiting for his bride on the train.

Henry Van Brunt writes on "The Latest Literature of Art;" Walter Allen on "Two Years of President Hayes;" Sarah O. Jewett on "A Bit of Shore Life;" A. C. J. Gustafson on "Un Homme Capable" (Prince Gortschakoff); and J. B. Runnion a good article on the causes and curse of "The Negro Exodus." He concludes that "the common prosperity of the country—the agricultural interests of the South and the commercial interests of the North—will be best served by the continued residence of the blacks in the cotton States," and he shows how they may be best kept there. T. S. Perry writes on "Recent French and German Essays;" Lydia Maria Child on "Wm. Lloyd Garrison;" and Richard Grant White on "Rural England." Besides O W. Holmes' poem at the last Commencement dinner of the Harvard Alumni, one short poem by Christine Chaplin Brush, Helen Hunt, and Mrs. E. R. Lee; and the usual "Contributors' Club" and "Recent Literature."

It will puzzle any student of the New Testament to find any instance in which Christ refused his spiritual fellowship to any one who wanted it. He drew no lines; he left others to draw them. He was, throughout his life, always ready to associate with any who wished to associate with him. His position regarding the great problems of life and duty, of the here and the hereafter, was never concealed. Men had abundant opportunity to know what he believed. If, knowing that belief, they desired to associate themselves with him, he never refused them permission, either because of their ignorance, their erroneous opinion, or their imperfect character. It was made a matter of common complaint against him that he did not draw lines; that he received publicans and sinners, and ate with them; that he was willing to associate with the heretical Sadducee, the unpatriotic Herodian, and the despised tax-gatherer. In short, Christ entirely, the apostles measurably, offered their fellowship freely to every one; and every one was at liberty to take as he could. Why should there be any other rule than this? If the Roman Catholic Cardinal McCloskey is willing to fellowship with me in relieving the victims of the yellow fever, shall I refuse because he cannot fellowship with me in translating and distributing the New Testament? If Robert Ingersoll is willing to fellowship with me in endeavoring to enforce the Excise law, shall I refuse because he declines to fellowship with me in a gospel temperance meeting? If Dr. Lorimer can fellowship with me in a gospel temperance meeting, shall I refuse because he cannot fellowship with me in a christening service? Fellowship needs no artificial lines. Nature takes care of it. Keep open house; and let men into your hearts and sympaties as far as their own community of feeling will admit them. Why not?—*Christian Union.*

The "Contributor's Club" in the last *Atlantic* contains the following: "Among the good things which have been said of Pinafore, I have seen no reference to what is to me its most wholesome service. I refer to the fact that the so-called Moody and Sankey hymns have been by it remanded to their proper place,—light fancies and flippant tongues and frolicsome moods finding it an ampler and more congruous vehicle of delivery than the 'revival' strains of former years. This sentiment is put forth timidly, but most conscientiously, and, lest *The Atlantic's* reputation should not be sufficient to float it, let me hasten to support it by declaring that it has been tentatively exhibited here and there in the most orthodox latitudes with approval. I could even quote the vehemently cordial assent of a most reverend bishop, whom all men, dissenters though they be, delight to honor, did not a story which he told me at the same time (and whoever may doubt his claim to the crosier, none will deny his supremacy as story-teller) remind me that the very illustriousness of such an advocate might ruin my cause in some quarters. Here is the story: Two women were overheard discussing family affairs at a watering-place, last summer. One was a ——ist, and the other's sect the bishop, with pronounced courtesy, declined to 'give a name to' in that audience. The son of the ——ist had recently become engaged to marry 'a church girl,' and on inquiry the nameless sectary found that the prospective mother-in-law approved the match. 'Yes, sister Jones, she really does seem to be a nice girl, and I don't know as John could have done better.' Silence reigned for some minutes, to be broken finally by sister Jones's voice, demanding in tones deepened and muffled to becoming solemnity, '*Is—she—pious?*' John's mother obviously winced and writhed under this home thrust, but at last rallied sufficiently to stammer out, 'Well—she's 'Piscopal pious."

The Aberdeen Presbytery met July 1st to serve the libel on Prof. Robertson Smith, as the General Assembly had ordered. The meeting was crowded, and Prof. Smith entered "amid the applause of the audience." When the clerk in reading the remit from the Assembly reached the statement that the motion for the suspension of the Professor from all his functions as an office-bearer had been carried by a majority of *one*, "some laughter both from members of the Presbytery as well as from the general public, who now crowded their benches, greeted the announcement, while a smile broke over the pale face of the accused himself." The direct attack was led by David Mitchell, but Rev. Mr. Low sought, in Prof. Smith's interest, to amend the motion. Prof. Smith made the speech of the day, taking his stand for "the liberty of Christian conscience." Says the *Christian Life:* "Loud and prolonged cheering greeted the Professor as he sat down, and the protest of the irascible Principal Brown, who started up, declaring that such conduct from the other end of the house could not be allowed, was received by shouts of derisive laughter and louder and louder applause. When I could not at this juncture help pitying the young Professor's flushed face and trembling lip, which twitched with emotion or fatigue, I dared to express my feelings to a friendly elder who sat next me. 'Aye,' replied he, 'that's naething; I have seen the veins stand out like knots of thick whip-cord on his face, after he has been almost hunted to death by sic-like clergy,' inclining his head to the occupants of the obnoxious benches. However, the end of the matter was, that after a fencing of words between Mr. Mitchell and Prof. Smith, the former entirely broke loose, and declared he had never been so treated in any law court, and called for an apology, upon which half the excited members of the Presbytery started at the same moment to their feet, and all attempted to speak *at once*. Amid shrieks of 'order' from all sides, the motion proposed by Mr. Mitchell was put to the meeting, and lost by eleven votes, Mr. Low's amendment having twenty-five supporters, and Mr. Mitchell's motion only fourteen. Need it be added that the result was received by the audience with deafening applause, which seemed to revive the weary Professor? The libel was then formally 'authenticated,' was accepted by the Professor, and Tuesday, the 2d September, was fixed for the further hearing of the case."

# SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

## CONTENTMENT.

Two things do I ask of thee; withhold them not from me: Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food needful for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain. —*Agur's Prayer.*

I have learned, in whatever state I am, to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; everywhere and in all things I have been taught both to be full, and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me. —*Paul to the Philippians.*

Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment, we will be therewith content. But they that desire to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all evils; which some coveting have strayed away from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows. —*Paul to Timothy.*

Let the manner of life be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee:' so that with good courage we say 'The Lord is my helper, I will not fear; what shall man do unto me?' —*Epistle to the Hebrews.*

Why may not one live with an easy and light heart, quietly awaiting whatever may happen, and bearing contentedly what has happened? Shall it be poverty? Bring it; and you shall see what poverty is when it is met well. Would you have power? Bring toils too along with it. Banishment? wherever I go, it will be well with me there; for it was well with me here, not on account of the place, but of the principles which I shall carry away with me; for no one can deprive me of these. On the contrary they alone are my property, and cannot be taken away; and their possession suffices me wherever I am or whatever I do.

—*Epictetus,* (*about* 100 *A. C.*)

Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all that the daemon wishes, which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself.

—*Marcus Aurelius,* (121—180 *A. C.*)

The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not himself. In a high situation he does not treat with contempt his inferiors. In a humble situation he does not court the favor of his superiors. He rectifies himself, and seeks for nothing from others, so that he has no dissatisfactions. He does not murmur against heaven, nor grumble against men. —*Confucius,* (*Chinese, 6th cent. B. C.*)

I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of Heaven, excepting once when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for his bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes. —*Saadi,* (*Persian, b.* 1175.)

Let thy alchemist be contentment, and stone or ore shall be equal to thee. The infant with heart untroubled by avarice, fills its little hand with sand, and knows not that silver has more worth. A small coin makes the beggar rich; but Feridun was not satisfied with a kingdom.

—*Id.*

Now as they were going along and talking, they spied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down, needs fear no fall,
  He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have
  Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because thou savest such.

Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

—*John Bunyan,* (1628—1688.)

I say to thee be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with others. —*Robert Burton,* (1576-1639.)

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest change thy fortune and condition. There are but a few kings in mankind, but many thousands who are very miserable, if compared to thee. * * * The very privative blessings, the blessings of immunity, safeguard, liberty, and integrity, which we commonly enjoy, deserve the thanksgiving of a whole life. Thou art quit from a thousand calamities, every one of which, if it were upon thee, would make thee insensible of thy present sorrow. —*Jeremy Taylor,* (1613—1667.)

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He therefore that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evils of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as untolerable as it is unreasonable. To reprove this instrument of discontent, the ancients feigned that in hell stood a man twisting a rope of hay; and still he twisted on, suffering an ass to eat up all that was finished: so miserable is he who thrusts his passions forwards towards future events, and suffers all that he may enjoy to be lost and devoured by folly and inconsideration, thinking nothing fit to be enjoyed but that which is not, or cannot be had. —*Id.*

No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life or death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.

—*Id.*

## UNITY.

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TREASURER'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

From Church of Messiah, of Chicago [not of St. Louis, as reported in last issue], $100 on account. From Third Unitarian Society, of Chicago, $5. Iowa Conference at Des Moines, $10. Evansville, Wis., $4.

Joseph Shippen, Treasurer,
417 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo.

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*Resolved*, That the Western Conference call the especial attention of its churches and ministers to the needs of the Meadville Theological School, and earnestly recommend immediate efforts to raise the additional endowment that the Board of Directors call for.

(About $10,000 of the $15,000 required is still to be raised.)

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*Resolved.* That we will use our influence as far as we may to bring the claims of this school to the knowledge of generous-minded men and women within our acquaintance; to seek donations for its present relief,—for the extension of its range of studies and the enlargement of its usefulness, that it may lack nothing which such a school should possess, in the completeness of its faculty or in the means of its administration.

(About $40,000 is to be raised in order to complete the $130,000 proposed.)

*Special Committee:*—Dan'l L. Shorey, Chicago, Chas. W. Wendte, Cincinnati, Fred. L. Hosmer, Cleveland, J. Vila Blake, Quincy, Geo. W. Cutter, Buffalo, Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul, Jno. C. Learned, St. Louis.

The above resolutions were passed and committees appointed at the last session of the W. U. C. The cause of the Schools is earnestly submitted to the friends of Liberal Religion, and contributions, large or small, are solicited. Remit to any member of either of the above committees, to whom also apply for any further information.

## WEST. UNIT. SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Unity Services and Songs for Sunday Schools by J. Vila Blake, single copies, 25 cents; per doz, $2.00; per 100, $10.00; manilla edition, plainer, but more durable, per 100, $8.00.

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